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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Girard and the Status of Forces

CHRISTOPHER LOGAN

For Want of a Radical Rich

FRANK CHODOROV

Big Sister Is Watching You

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . L. BRENT BOZELL
ANTHONY LEJEUNE · JAMES BURNHAM · RUSSELL KIRK

For the Record

Grand Jurors in the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., tax case, after reading the article on the subject in the December 14 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, reportedly are angrily demanding to know just why their investigation was suspended. . . . The Senate Preparedness Subcommittee probing the missile program will not go into the matter of rocket secrets stolen from us. Committee members don't want to risk the charge of McCarthyism.

In an effort to curb the increasing stream of 6,000 refugees a week from East Germany, the Communist government has made escape a criminal offense, stipulating prison terms for refugees and for relatives who aid their flight. The continuing loss of manpower has crippled East German industrial production severely. . . . Original plans to link eleven European nations by television for the first time during the NATO Conference were vetoed by wary politicians who feared public reaction to a nonproductive meeting. The hookup will be inaugurated on New Year's Eve instead. . . . Thailand continues to turn deaf ears to "neutralist" talk. Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat's Government has strongly defended Thailand's membership in SEATO, the army has pushed a vigorous anti-subversion campaign, and the anti-Communist Democrat Party won eleven of twelve seats contested in last week's elections in Bangkok.

Of great interest: Raymond Moley's article "The Big Roadblock to Conservative Victory" in Human Events, November 30. Mr. Moley shows how organized labor gets out the vote for pro-labor candidates on the theory that it is "more important to make the lawmakers than to make the laws." . . . Governor Price Daniel has signed a bill allowing public schools in Texas to be closed if threatened by troop intervention to force integration. . . . Former President Herbert Hoover says we can have both more money for defense and a tax cut if the Hoover Commission recommendations are adopted.

Washington's least-publicized resignation occurred recently when a senior CIA plans officer laid an unsigned letter of resignation before one of the veteran deputy directors, saying "Why don't you sign this, Mr. —, and get out so we can do something useful around here?" When his superior flushed and sputtered, the aide calmly signed his own name to it, and quit.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● We are glad to report that Vice President Nixon believes a) that the Gray Board which found Dr. Oppenheimer a security risk reached a conscientious decision conforming with the directives of relevant security orders; b) that nothing, in his opinion, has happened since 1954 to render obsolete the security standards with reference to which Dr. Oppenheimer's clearance was removed; and c) that revising security standards to the point where they would let through men with such a record as Dr. Oppenheimer's would be to "collapse" our internal security program. The above, ladies and gentlemen, we have from the Vice President's own mouth.

● Other businesses are ailing, but not the trade union business. Its take for 1956, according to a recently-released balance sheet, was $162 million over 1955's and amounted to a neat little—hold your breath—$620 million! But don't think you can distribute your risks by investing in it; you don't buy into that one, our broker tells us; you muscle in.

● Travel seems to be having a sobering effect this season. Two congressional pillars of the Liberal Establishment have just got back from distant parts with sorely weakened faith in the gospel of foreign aid that they have been ardently preaching these many years. Rep. Wayne Hays (Dem., Ohio) of the House Foreign Affairs Committee found in Europe, Africa and Asia that foreign statesmen have "learned the game" of playing Russians off against Americans in order to haul in the maximum take. Mr. Hays admits he is "a bit disillusioned about American foreign aid." Senator George Smathers (Dem., Fla.) of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee did not even wait to be home before announcing (from Panama) that he was "shocked" by the way he had seen our money being thrown around Central America. He thinks Congress ought to have its own observers in foreign nations to keep track of what is happening to the funds it has voted.

● New York's City Council, in a new access of leveling fever, has forbidden "discrimination" in the sale or rental of a) apartments in buildings that house more than two families, and b) houses in developments consisting of eleven or more units. "Historic"—the term certain councilmen have applied to the relevant ordinance—seems to us too mild a word by half. In the past such measures have applied to public buildings or buildings at least partially financed with public funds. This measure, by contrast, governs owners of private rental property, and deprives them of freedom of choice among prospective tenants. Measures that diminish individual freedom are, in America, the historic ones. We started in 1788 with just about every freedom in the world, and have been having a lot of history ever since.

● This year more than 7,000 "overseas Chinese"—a figure that has increased from a mere sixty when the program started seven years ago—are enrolled in the universities and schools of free Formosa. Most of these students come from, and will return to, Hong Kong, Macao, Malaya, Burma, Thailand and Indonesia, where they will play a significant part in the political future of the local Chinese communities. While Free China has been recording this continued rise, the number of overseas students going to Communist China has begun to drop heavily. The total, now only a third of what it was in 1954, is substantially less than the Formosan 7,000.

● Words of One Syllable Department: Peiping reports that Chinese troops have been withdrawn from the disputed China-Burma border and replaced by units of women. This action, says the communiqué, is in line with "the new policy of using persuasion instead of force."

● In his moves to combat inflation, the new French premier, Félix Gaillard (who, so we are told, keeps a copy of our own James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution* on his bedside stand along with a book on tennis by René Lacoste), is proving to be a man of refreshing courage. He has taken a hard line with the French banks, insisting on a forced loan of 30 per cent of their foreign dollar balances for use in keeping up payments on necessary imports. More important, however, is Gaillard's broader action in regard to domestic subsidies. His announcement that heavy slashes would be made in a number of subsidies has caused prices on bread, gasoline, chocolate and other items to jump. Though this may seem inflationary to the consumers, it is a necessary step toward getting the French inflation out in the open, where it may be fought. Let us hope M. Gaillard doesn't ruin his program by coming out against wine, or something equally sacrilegious.

● Professor Kenneth Colegrove, with a long and honorable career as a scholar and anti-Communist already to his credit, has performed an important service by writing a lucid and detailed textbook on Communism for high school use. In *Democracy versus Communism* (published for the Institute of Fiscal and Political Education by D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc., Princeton, N. J., $4.95), Professor Colegrove compares the two systems as they have evolved in the

United States and the Soviet Union. There is no further demonstration needed. And there is no longer any mechanical excuse for political ignorance in teenagers.

● Once again the American Friends Service Committee has spoken: we must "cancel nuclear weapons tests: start disarmament . . . share our resources more fully . . . and seek ways to bring men together across the Iron and Bamboo Curtains." To give Soviet Russia a monopoly of the world's military power, the Committee cheerfully conceded, "would involve enormous risks"; but *anything*, it adds, is better than balancing on "the knife edge of terror."

● "Sacrilege!" *Izvestia's* headlines screamed on exposing a graveyard scandal in Moscow. With the connivance of city authorities, cemetery employees have taken advantage of the scarcity of burial ground to charge black market prices for grave space. And then, having got their fat fees, cemetery keepers have consistently failed to fill such parts of their bargain as nailing down coffin lids, replacing the turf, and that kind of thing. Such irreverence for the dead has deeply scandalized the editors of *Izvestia*. That kind of treatment, in Russia, should be reserved for the living.

● We have a high regard for the friend who sent us the Christmas card in front of us. He wishes our "dreams" to be realized; he wishes our "associations" to be "free"; and he wishes our happy holidays to be "symbolic" of many to come; and he tops it off by giving us a drawing of a bust of Sigmund Freud (get it?) on the reverse of the card. Our "association": we wish we had time to look up all the nice things Freud must have said about Christmas.

● A government Committee on Weather Control is in a jitter that the Russians might melt the Arctic ice cap by spreading pigmented dust over it. Such activity carried out on a large scale would raise the level of the oceans and inundate American ports. Risking complacency, we'll begin to worry when Russian slave labor has built a huge dike around all Siberia.

● Such is the growing infamy of NATIONAL REVIEW that, our spies inform us, a lawyer for a downtown left-winger up for trial on some offense or other, has been asking each potential jury member whether he reads NATIONAL REVIEW. If the answer is yes—out he goes. There are those who interpret the lawyer's tactics as designed to protect his client against any political prejudice a juror may have against him. We prefer to think politics has nothing to do with it: the lawyer is simply afraid of perspicacious jurors.

TRADITIONS are not kept alive by lifeless people. It is when men are feeling extraordinarily gay that they revert to gestures which seem in themselves meaningless, merely because they are too full of accumulated meanings to be expressed. Dmitri Karamazov, in a moment of exalted realization and generosity, mutely groping for something that can speak his state, grabs, at last, a sword; and kisses it. Even trite and mocking phrases, like "the sword of one's fathers," show that this is the universal expression of an energetic conservatism. It is a heightened perception of life, and participation in it, which realizes what vast treasuries we draw on.

During the happiest time of the year, then, men dig customs out of the past, as they dig last year's ornaments out of the attic. No one will deck the halls, or scatter food and gifts, because he feels old and resentful, because he lives only in the past and despises the present. The good things of man's past are taken from the cellar like wine long aged, to be used and enjoyed now, to warm us in the season of the snows.

Life without roots is a sensational, though short-lived, experiment; a symbol of it might be that medical achievement whereby hearts and other organs are kept artificially alive, for a few hours, outside their natural housing, the human frame. Unfortunately, some humans are kept alive in much the same way; but "alive" is a technical word. Only men who *do* fit into the full human framework can weather the unarranged adventure of life outside the laboratory.

Thus, against the major threat of our time, Communism, it has been the most ancient creeds that have shown the greatest strength and vitality. The countries with a rooted Christian past have been the bravest in defiance of tyranny. In Poland and Hungary the ability to rebel has gone hand in hand with the ability to remember.

The meaning of these days full of memory is that which conservatives must, above all other things, conserve: behind the Christmas legends, the heraldry of green and red, the mysticism of brotherhood, the sacrifice of gifts, there is the supreme mystery and sacrifice.

This heritage only *seems* to make us look backward into the past. The Incarnation is exactly what Saint Paul called it. It is the event round which our lives and little histories revolve. This is the only true "revolution," the perpetual overturning of false values, the return of grace.

Progress, as most moderns conceive it, meets the same fate that our little globe would if it wearied of revolving in the same path around the sun. We revolve around the Son.

NATO and the Rapacki Plan

Mr. C. L. Sulzberger, chief foreign correspondent of the *New York Times,* began his dispatch on the opening of the NATO Conference as follows:

> *The issue before NATO is astonishingly simple. "Can the alliance remain strong enough to arrange an eventual cold war settlement with Russia?"*

If this is in truth the issue, Mr. Sulzberger has got his adjective turned upside down. His second sentence should read: "Is the alliance so *weak* that it must accept a Russian settlement of the cold war" —that is to say, must accept defeat? Moscow has never hidden the fact that she will in the end settle on no terms other than the surrender of the West.

To the extent (and it is considerable) that Mr. Sulzberger's formulation expresses the prevailing view of the NATO leaders, it becomes impossible for NATO to refuse to respond "positively" to Kremlin overtures, no matter how empty, phony or treacherous. How can you reject discussion and negotiation if your goal is to arrange a settlement? As a consequence, the Kremlin, merely by proposing a discussion—any discussion—can always succeed in diverting NATO from what the American public once believed to be its mission and objective: the military defense of the western frontier of the free world.

This is why Bulganin and not Eisenhower was able to dominate the NATO Conference just concluded. The military problem before the conference was to arrange—on the militarily correct geographical basis —for the new phase (the missile phase) of the nuclear arming of Western Europe. In too many NATO minds, however, the military problem was subordinate to the political aim, *à la* Sulzberger, of "a cold war settlement." When on the eve of the conference Bulganin threw his demands on the table, "negotiation" took precedence over the military problem, and became the real axis of discussion.

Bulganin offered "the Rapacki Plan" (named for Polish Foreign Minister Adam Rapacki, who manned the trial balloon from which Moscow first floated it). This ostensibly makes three principal proposals: 1) no nuclear arms in Germany (East or West), Poland and Czechoslovakia; 2) eventual withdrawal of all Soviet troops from the East European captive nations provided that U.S. troops evacuate all European NATO countries; 3) general disarmament and other steps to "restore an atmosphere of confidence."

The surface appeal of the Rapacki Plan is strong —to the captive nations (that Moscow may well have primarily in mind), to Germany (as revealed by Dr. Adenauer's attitude), and to most of the West European states in varying degrees: strong, that is, if they disregard the record, nature and purpose of the government that proffers the Plan, and the real state of the world. Maybe we should ourselves have taken the initiative some while ago in presenting a program that would have overlapped some of these items, and thereby compelled Moscow to talk on our terms.

But the point here is not the Plan's conceivable merits in the abstract, or under other auspices. In substance it means, even in its first phase, the liquidation of NATO and the NATO military structure. To accept any part of it at just this moment as a basis for discussion and negotiation means, necessarily, to suspend the development of NATO and NATO's military structure. You don't keep building a house very strenuously when you are questioning whether it is ever to be lived in.

This suspension is exactly what Bulganin intended, and exactly what has happened. Beneath all their polite disguises, the communiqués state that the military decisions have been postponed in order to "consider"—and possibly begin negotiating—some of the Bulganin-Rapacki proposals.

Of course nothing concrete will ever come of the proposals, because their sole purpose is to do what they are doing—to block the effective missile-arming of the West by entangling the Western political leaders in never-ending considering, debating and conferring, with each other and with the tireless negotiators of the Kremlin. Granted the Sulzberger premise, the West has no exit from the maze.

Get Them Out of Jail

It is a continuing oddity of our national life that we treat Communists so much better than ex-Communists. No one ever bothered Louis Budenz when he was managing editor of the *Daily Worker,* but he has been hounded, badgered and denounced since his break with the Party. Hardly a week goes by without the freeing of jury-convicted Communists by judges who seem to think that the First Amendment guarantees the right of treasonable conspiracy. Meanwhile former Communists who have proved their re-found loyalty by deeds as well as words are rewarded by joblessness or jail.

Mr. Robert Morris, the distinguished counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, has again called attention to the grossest instance of many. David Greenglass and Harry Gold, the two key witnesses whose testimony uncovered the Rosenberg espionage ring, have for eight years fully cooperated with the FBI and other government agencies. They still sit in the prison to which they were sentenced in the Rosenberg trial. Under the law, Greenglass was eligible for parole three years ago; but the Federal Appeals Board has refused it.

"The cooperative ones are in jail, the unregenerate

go free," Mr. Morris commented. In the light of his own investigative work, he explained how this treatment has stopped the defection of other Communists and Soviet agents who might have alerted us years before Sputnik to the Red missile threat.

NATIONAL REVIEW endorses Mr. Morris' call for a public committee to seek the release of Greenglass and Gold. It is a particular irony how few voices have heretofore been raised to help these two men who have endeavored to pay their debt by performing important services, while scores of professors, preachers and publicists have supported the Communist propaganda campaign to wring a pardon for Rosenberg's unrepentant and defiant co-conspirator, Morton Sobell.

Nothing at All

The twelfth session of the General Assembly of the United Nations adjourned December 15. The score of the session: zero. Not 0-0; just zero, nothing at all. Not even anything bad this time; just nothing. Nobody won any victories; nobody suffered any defeats. Thousands of delegates and aides from 82 nations, serviced by tens of thousands of permanent employees and hangers-on at UN headquarters, met for three months, and did nothing.

They talked occasionally about this and that—Korea, Algeria, Hungary, Disarmament, South Africa, China, Togoland—but either there was no vote; or if a vote, no majority; or if a majority, not up to a required two-thirds; or if two-thirds, neither the minority nor the majority paid the slightest attention. Everyone knew that it didn't matter a damn, and that no one would do anything no matter what was said or voted. So no hard feelings. It all washed out in the one really animated, always crowded area of UN Central: the delegates' cocktail lounge, where the liquor is subsidized down to a PX price level.

Excuse it. There *was* one thing done, and it was a clearcut American victory. Our share of the UN budget was reduced from 33.33 per cent to 32.51 per cent. Who said our diplomatic champions don't earn their board and keep?

Pffft! No Pearson!

It would not have surprised us if, after listening to his acceptance speech, the Nobel Prize Committee had moved to expunge Lester Pearson from the record. The Nobel people have a legendary tolerance for foolishness—but has it ever been so taxed?

Mr. Pearson's central position is that the world must stop fighting the cold war and start using "every technique of discussion and negotiation" with the USSR. Should the free world strengthen its collective defenses? No, says Mr. Pearson, accumulated power "can, in a bad international climate, increase, or seem to increase someone else's insecurity." Should the free world rely on the police power of the United Nations? No, "the idea of an international police force effective against a big disturber of the peace seems today unrealizable to the point of absurdity." Should the free world stand by its policy of containment? No, "that would be the complete bankruptcy of policy and diplomacy." If the free world disarms and turns exclusively to negotiation, can it count on surviving? Not necessarily. "Perhaps a diplomatic effort of this kind would not succeed."

Conclusion? "We prepare for war like precocious giants, and for peace like retarded pigmies." We'll buy that last (meaning by it, of course, something a little different from Mr. Pearson)—except for the word "precocious": If decision-making power had at any time in recent years been in the hands of the precocious, Lester Pearson would have disappeared promptly from the world stage.

Look Who's Talking

Someone has sent along an editorial in the *Washington Post* commenting on Senator William Jenner's decision to retire. It is about what one would have expected: a remorseless, bitter, bare-knuckled last blow: Herblock in words. The editorial goes on and on about how everybody is sick of Mr. Jenner and anyway the world of Mr. Jenner is dead, and now he knows it, and there is nobody around in the Senate with whom he can be uncouth together these days, now that McCarthy is dead, and the country is tired of witch-hunting and Neanderthalism; and more of the stuff which so many Liberal publicists palm off as political discourse.

Well, Senator Jenner is retiring all right. But we are *not*, not any time soon, and will be around a long time reminding people that the *Washington Post* was just as dead certain that Alger Hiss was innocent as it now is that Jenner is wrong about everything; that the *Washington Post*, of Exquisite Ethics, spent thousands of dollars a few years ago on a confidence man called Paul Hughes, who kept the entire hierarchy of the *Post* slavering by weird and wonderful and totally fraudulent stories about the intimate political life of McCarthy; that the *Washington Post's* chief editorial writer believes there should be no internal security program of any meaningful sort, that Communists will one of these days stop dead in their tracks when they read his arguments for not being Communist; and that Senator Jenner, far from having proved his obsoleteness, retires unbeaten, to a state which, amply evidencing its intel-

lectual sanity, has yet to entrust with public responsibility anyone who shares the eccentric views of the *Washington Post*.

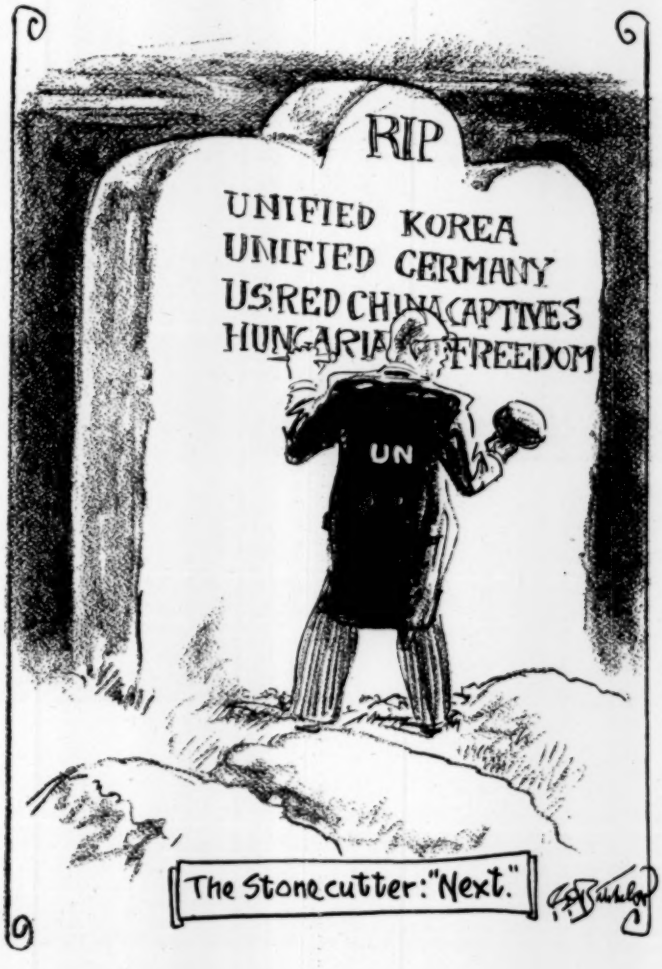
Let Them Eat Words

Adept as it is at covering itself with ignominy, the United Nations might be said to have made a Stakhanovite effort in its handling of the Hungarian question this fall. The General Assembly wound up its 1957 session last week in a blaze of headlines over: 1) Its decision *not* to take action (now, or ever?) on the Soviet and Hungarian refusal to cooperate with UN representative Prince Wan Waithayakon in his investigation of conditions in Hungary. 2) Its refusal to rule on the credentials of the Hungarian delegation to the United Nations (which means, in practice, that the Kadar representatives continue to speak and vote for Hungary in the council of nations). And 3) Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold's decision to discipline Mr. Povi Bang-Jensen, an insubordinate UN official.

According to bureaucratic procedure, Bang-Jensen was really out of line. He refused to turn over to the United Nations Secretariat—whose permanent under-secretary is Anatoly F. Dobrynin, a Soviet official—the names of Hungarian witnesses who testified before the Special Committee on Hungary earlier this year. Bang-Jensen had promised those witnesses that their names would be kept secret to avoid reprisals against friends and relatives still in Soviet-occupied Hungary, and so he refused to hand over the list despite assurances from Hammarskjold that it would be kept inviolate.

For this act of insubordination Hammarskjold suspended Bang-Jensen. And that suspension remains in force despite the appeal of the Assembly of Captive Nations and other refugee groups because, says a Hammarskjold spokesman, "the issue is not the protection of the identity of Hungarian witnesses but where the responsibility for that protection rests."

That statement would be laughable if it were not that what Mr. Hammarskjold is dealing with is broken bodies, broken minds and broken dreams.



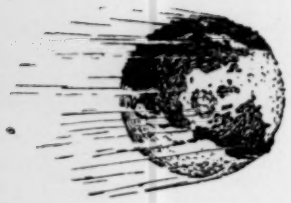
Gordian Knot

Time and Tide, with its wonderful ear for the little victims of bureaucracy, has this story to tell. Several years ago in an English town, the local council bought a plot of land below the market price under a compulsory sale order so that a new wing for the school might be built on it. As months went by, and the wing was not begun, and it grew clear that it would not be begun, a brass foundry offered to buy the land from the city for more than the city had paid.

To its credit, the council, having decided it had "no moral right" to make a profit on the plot, offered to sell it back to its former owner at the original price. At this juncture the Ministry of Housing and Local Government intervened: "Local authorities," the Ministry said, "are required to resell at the best price they can obtain."

And there the story ends—with the council refusing to sell to the foundry, and the Ministry refusing it permission to sell to the original owner. Perhaps the deadlock will break when the Labor Party comes to power: it may buy the brass foundry and requisition the land.

Several months ago a subscriber anonymously gave a year's subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW to every member of Congress from his home state of New Jersey except Senator Case, whom he reckoned beyond saving. Two weeks ago, Mr. Leslie Newberry of South Windsor, Connecticut, did the same thing for Congressmen and Senators from Connecticut. The quality of New Jersey and Connecticut debate in the halls of Congress is going to put the rest of the nation to shame . . . unless something is done about it . . . soon.



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Dialectic Doubled and Redoubled

The Kremlin's present psychological warfare campaign, which has reached a new peak in conjunction with the NATO meeting, is a textbook example of Communist dialectic.

The *thesis* is all-out, undisguised terrorist propaganda of the crudest kind imaginable: the screaming of murderous threats to the tune of old-fashioned chest-thumping and sabre-rattling. It is all at the level of the halfwit school bully. Steaming himself up with a few slugs of vodka, bullyboy Khrushchev starts swaggering. He can wipe out any city anywhere in the world any time. The United States is *kaput*, and might as well throw the towel in. Any country that doesn't knuckle down will be crushed. Moscow has the biggest planes, the biggest missiles, biggest ships, biggest bombs, biggest tanks and cannon. And just so there won't be any doubt left: "We will bury you."

And look at my muscle, you pipsqueaks! To the gaping crowd K. shows off his atomic gun, his atomic ship, his jet transport, and his Sputniks.

Booming simultaneously from the Kremlin's other flank is the *anti-thesis*—all-out peace propaganda, also of the crudest kind imaginable. It is at the level of a pervert seducing a schoolchild. Come with me and we'll be peaceful and prosperous and happy together. We'll just throw away those naughty atom bombs and those bad missiles, and spank those nasty soldiers. All we want is to do good and help others and be friends with everybody.

The Absurdity of Reason

If we take these two simultaneous campaigns at their verbal value, and examine each, and the two together, from a rational point of view, we can readily prove that: a) each refutes the other; b) each, analyzed by the tests of history, evidence and logic, is ridiculous.

It takes all Khrushchev's blustering to hide from his bemused audience the fact that his atomic gun is even more useless than the groaning model the United States built seven years ago, and three years ago discarded; that his ship is, so far, nothing but an empty hull of not even potential strategic significance, hitting the water four years after the epoch-initiating *Nautilus;* that his jet is a clumsy, second-rate converted (and already outmoded) bomber; that his moons are a fireworks stunt that has probably thrown his military missile development many months out of phase.

As for the peace talk, a ten-minute dabble in contemporary history, Communist doctrine or current events is enough, objectively considered, to reduce it to absurdity.

Whatever their separate merits, the two strings to the dialectical bow pull in opposite directions. The aim and meaning and policy of the Communists just can't be at one and the same time nothing but peace and nothing but war.

The Reason for Absurdity

In the verbal, rational dimension, it is impossible to explain how this dialectical campaign can have any coherent effect on anyone, or why the response to it is anything other than derision and boredom. This dimension, however, is irrelevant. The apparently contrary *thesis* and *anti-thesis* reach a single, consistent *synthesis* in their common subrational goal. This goal is the psycho-political castration of the West.

The parallel lines meet in the subrational. The *fears* stirred by the terrorist threats and the *hopes* seduced by the promises of peace mutually reinforce each other in the task of transforming an *enemy* into a *victim*. "We must leave no stone unturned," begged Adlai Stevenson abjectly, as he left the White House desk where he had been planning the strategy of the West for the NATO meeting—"no stone unturned to reach settlements and I hope our response to Mr. [*sic*] Bulganin's letter will be affirmative in spirit."

From London, in a last-minute whimper over the BBC, George Kennan beseeches the Paris conferees *not* to strengthen NATO's military arm, lest we weaken "the climate and background for negotiation with the Soviet Union."

In the merely rational dimension there is indeed no reply to the subrational campaign. Are we going to "refute" their claims and charges, and "prove" that we want only peace, that it is *they* who are the warmongers? But our proofs will only deepen the psychic effect at which they aim. *Of course* they are warmongers—war-makers, warriors, rather. That is exactly why we peace-lovers cringe to their brandishing whip. How are we going to refute with facts a thrust that moves outside the realm of facts? Will we shout, yes, yes, you have the overwhelming weapons and we must ring the general crash alarm to catch up with you? But that will only add to the weight of the terror half of the synthetic campaign.

A counteracting reply would have to be constructed, like the campaign itself, on a base of emotion, attitude and will: self-confident *indifference* to the verbal content, both the truths and the lies; a calm and constant *resolution* in the face of the threats as of the seductions.

But even this might lead into a dialectical trap. The entire massive terror-seduction campaign, Sputniks and all, that is now being openly conducted by the Soviet government is in a sense only a diversion, a cover, for the main strategic line of the Communist enterprise. Quite possibly the Kremlin seeks to do no more than keep the attention of the West preoccupied, and its leaders bogged down in the sterile negotiations at NATO, UN or summit get-togethers, while the real work of the world revolution goes forward in regions far distant from the green baize and the cocktail glasses: in Laos, Kerala, Indonesia, Guatemala, Damascus.

Girard and the Status of Forces

Our government's grovelling surrender of Specialist Girard to Japan was a precedent for total abandonment of the rights of servicemen abroad

CHRISTOPHER LOGAN

On November 19, 1957, a three-man court sitting in Maebashi, Japan, found Specialist 3/C William S. Girard, U.S.A., guilty, as charged, of the Japanese equivalent of manslaughter. Girard, convicted of slaying a Japanese woman to assuage a "momentary caprice," received a suspended sentence of three years imprisonment.

Thus, for the time being, ended the celebrated Girard incident: the Japanese got to try the offending Yankee, Girard went free, and the embattled "Status of Forces" agreements escaped, miraculously, untouched by chauvinistic Congressmen. All receive prizes, and no one is left out. Such, at any rate, are the fervent hopes of United States Government officials who, merely by proceeding in their usual manner, had floundered into America's *biggest* diplomatic and domestic mess in recent memory.

Girard's suspended sentence has evidently come too late to conceal the real issues, but it will unquestionably blunt the force of American wrath concerning foreign trials for U.S. servicemen. If the American people end up believing that nothing was at stake in the Girard case but the ability of a GI to "beat the rap" for a self-confessed slaying, then they will hold their peace. If they come to see the deeper issues involved, then they will demand, and get, legislative satisfaction.

The Girard saga began January 30 of this year, when one Mrs. Naka Sakai, scavenging for expended shell casings on the U.S. Army's Camp Weir range at Honshu Island, Japan, was struck in the back, and killed, by a used .30 caliber shell. Accused of firing the fatal cartridge, from the grenade launcher attached to his rifle, was Specialist 3/C Girard. At the time of the slaying, Girard and Specialist 3/C Victor Nickel, under orders from Second Lieutenant Billy Mahon, were guarding a machine gun and some field jackets from possible theft by the Japanese civilians who frequented the range.

Shortly thereafter Japan and the United States became locked in a struggle for criminal jurisdiction over Girard. The complex "case" that developed from this quarrel focused American attention on the network of international agreements generally referred to as "Status of Forces Treaties" (though not all are treaties), and brought to the fore some vexed questions of constitutional principle.

Scope of the Treaty

The original "Status of Forces" Treaty (hereinafter referred to as "SOFT") entered into by the United States was signed June 19, 1951, by representatives of the countries participating in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization—at that time twelve in number. The treaty covers a great many problems incident to the stationing of troops of one nation within the boundaries of another, the section governing criminal law being only one of twenty articles.

On September 8, 1951, the United States signed its Security Treaty with Japan. It became effective April 28, 1952, and formally terminated hostilities between the two nations. Article III of the treaty provided that administrative agreements could be devised to govern the status of U.S. troops in Japan. In pursuance of this provision, an agreement patterned after the NATO SOFT understanding was signed on February 28, 1952, and it, in its turn, was amplified by an "amending protocol" signed September 29, 1953. The protocol, at the core of the Girard dispute, provides:

> (a) The military authorities of the United States shall have the primary right to exercise jurisdiction over members of the United States armed forces or the civilian component in relation to . . .
>
> (ii) offenses arising out of any act or omission done in the performance of official duty.

The entire Girard incident turned on these two paragraphs.

Following the death of Mrs. Sakai, First Lieutenant Carl C. Allgood submitted to the Japanese authorities a "Certificate of Official Duty," which asserted U.S. jurisdiction over Girard. Allgood asserted that at the time of the incident Girard "was in the performance of his official duty," and that therefore "the United States will exercise jurisdiction in this case, unless notification is given immediately that proof to the contrary exists."

The Japanese shot back an assertion of "proof to the contrary":

> Sp-3 William S. Girard, the suspect in this case, had been instructed to guard a machine gun and equipment at the time of occurrence of the case. It is evident, however, as shown in the above finding of facts, that the incident arose when he, materially deviating from the performance of such duty, willfully threw expended cartridge cases away towards Naka Sakai and Hideharu Onozeki, and, thus inviting them to come near to him, he fired towards them. Therefore, the incident is not considered to have arisen out of an act or omission done in the performance of official duty.

These opposing interpretations produced a long deadlock in the joint U.S.-Japanese committee set up under the SOFT agreement to iron out jurisdictional and other disputes. For three months—from the middle of February to the middle of May—the joint committee deliberated, getting nowhere. Then, on May 16, the United States announced that it would waive its right to try Girard.

Had the United States finally seen the justice of the Japanese claim to Girard? A comparison of the two positions makes that conclusion

doubtful. Tokyo, apparently, interpreted the words "in the performance of official duty" to mean: in pursuance of explicit orders from a superior, or in performance of actions that may reasonably be construed as necessary to fulfil such orders.

The U. S. Argument

The American claim seems to have been founded on reasoning of this sort: the phrase obviously means any act committed by a serviceman while under official orders. If it is interpreted to mean only proper or blameless acts committed while under orders, there could be no question of criminal jurisdiction, since every such act would by definition be above the judicial censure of either Japanese or American tribunals. That the provision is intended to cover actions such as Girard's may be inferred from the inclusion of "omissions" in the wording. Obviously no soldier is explicitly ordered to perform "omissions"—since an omission could only be a failure to do some proper act that he had been ordered to perform.

Further refinements in the argument suggest even more strongly that U.S. officials were not swayed by the logic of Tokyo's position. Although referring to Girard as the "suspect in the case," the Japanese obviously considered him to be more than that. Their claim to jurisdiction, in fact, was founded on an unequivocal assumption of his guilt. Note the wording of the memorandum quoted above: ". . . the incident arose when he, materially deviating from the performance of such duty, willfully threw expended cartridge cases away toward Naka Sakai . . ."

When this memorandum was submitted, these points rested entirely on the testimony of Onozeki, the second Japanese, and were denied by Girard. They were by no means accepted as "fact" by all the parties concerned. The contrast with the American civilian system is sharp: in America, such "findings of fact" in criminal cases are made by a jury, and usually constitute the principal business of the trial. They are not left to the convenient determination of the prosecution, for use as axioms from which to begin arguing. Also,

the use of the word "willfully" reveals a prejudgment as to intent, as well as to fact. Finally, the Japanese claim involved shifting the burden of proof completely from the accuser to the accused. This point is made quite clear in an exchange between Japanese and American representatives on the joint committee:

> U. S. . . . *If we give full weight to Girard's statement,* we must conclude that he did, in fact, fire to scare the Japanese away and thus insure the safety of the machine gun. He may have been mistaken in believing that it was necessary to act in this manner, but we cannot escape the fact that, according to his own statement, he fired for this purpose. *If you were to believe Girard's statement,* would you consider that he was acting in the performance of official duty?
>
> JAPAN: Your question is based on *a supposition that is not supported by the evidence,* and we are not prepared to answer it.

In the U.S. view, the burden of proof rested (all italics added) with those who would demonstrate Girard's guilt. The proper question to ask, under our system, is: does the evidence *disprove* an hypothesis of innocent motive? The Japanese, however, argue that the evidence does not *prove* an hypothesis of innocent motive, and that therefore a conclusion of guilt is warranted. (At the same time they virtually admit that an hypothesis of innocent motive destroys the pattern of proof.)

In short, if the Japanese claim had been considered valid, then Girard must have been *ipso facto* guilty as charged. By converse reasoning, a finding of "innocent" by a Japanese court was ruled out automatically by Tokyo's position, since such a verdict would have amounted to a denial by the court of its own jurisdiction in the case before it.

As things turned out, the Japanese did not need to establish the validity of their argument to gain jurisdiction over Girard, because the United States simply yielded its own primary jurisdiction. The significance of this point does not seem to be fully understood. It is, quite simply, that *the United States at no time granted the validity of the Japanese claim over Girard*—which makes it even less creditable, of course, that Girard was nevertheless surrendered. An admission that the Japanese claim was just would have been, from an American point of view, a horrible legal mistake—but it at least would have been a mistake. The decision to yield—in spite of an opposite determination as to the substance of the law—can be construed only as the most brutal cynicism: a naked disregard for the law, and its subordination to some other interest.

(In his argument before the Supreme Court, Solicitor General J. Lee Rankin stipulated that Girard had been "in performance of official duty" at the time of the slaying. The Court's climactic ruling, July 11, was neither a clear statement on the constitutionality of the SOFT agreements, nor a determination as to jurisdiction; it was simply a ruling that the U.S. government could, if it wished, give up the jurisdiction that was granted it by the treaty.)

An Issue of "Face"

The Girard case became a *cause célèbre* primarily because of political opinion in Japan. It is no secret that left-wing sentiment there has gained the ascendant—particularly in the years since the Korean War—and that anti-American agitation is a politically profitable pastime that often leads to a seat in the legislature. Much of the furor over Girard was owing to the vote-seeking instincts of Japan's left wing, chiefly of a Socialist legislator, named Shigemitsu Akanegakubo, who seized upon the slaying of Mrs. Sakai and staked out a militantly anti-American position concerning it. The uproar in the Japanese press and from the Socialists pushed the Tokyo government into getting "tough" over the case, and into making it an issue of "face."

As is now the custom in matters of "face," the American government,

confronted with fairly resolute opposition, at last lay down and let its foreign adversary walk all over it. Tapping that secret well of national masochism that has allowed us for ten years to play the role of giant grovelling before any lesser being that demands it, the Eisenhower bureaucracy worked with demon energy to accomplish the job of surrender. After vast effort, much brazen defiance of Congress, and the indispensable Supreme Court decision of July 11, the Administration had at last contrived to save Tokyo's face. America's own face, of course, was simultaneously disfigured beyond the recognition of any moderately nationalistic citizen. But no matter. Prone is the proper position for grovelling, and prone the face is hidden.

Fortunately for Girard, the furor incident to his trial insured that the judicial processes of Japan would be so manipulated as to let him off lightly (an arrangement which in no wise redeemed America's loss of prestige, however). By the same token, if his case—after all the controversy—had remained in American hands, it seems beyond question that he would have been treated with considerable harshness. This contrast is now being cited as a reassuring argument in favor of the SOFT agreements, but it is clearly neither a solution compatible with the requirements of justice nor a contrast intrinsic to the nature of the tribunals: it was dictated, rather, by the fierce domestic angers flashing back and forth across the Pacific. What would have been the exact determination of the case in more normal circumstances it is impossible to say; but there is every reason to believe that the severity of Girard's treatment by the Japanese, had not Ottawa, Illinois, risen in wrath, would have been far greater.

Servicemen's Rights

Granted that Girard escaped with his skin, what were the *legal* rights that he lost, merely as a matter of course, by the international juggling act that allowed him to "escape"? An argument sometimes advanced by defenders of the SOFT agreements is that members of the U.S. armed services, since they are subjected to the rigors of military discipline, no longer have any rights anyway. Therefore, the argument concludes, the SOFT agreements do not deprive them of any right.

It is of course true that a person under military discipline finds his rights circumscribed. Conscription itself, obviously, deprives the serviceman of many rights he normally enjoys in civilian life. Nevertheless, servicemen are still American citizens and have legal rights as sacred as any in the canons of American law. These are set down in the Uniform Code of Military Justice and the Manual for Courts Martial. It has been established beyond any peradventure that the SOFT agreements involve flat denials of important rights embodied in these documents; no real question remains, therefore, on this chief substantive point in the "Status of Forces" controversy.

It should be noted, moreover, that inquisitive Congressmen inspecting the SOFT agreements did not find it easy to get the facts in this matter from the responsible members of the bureaucracy. Consider this exchange between Congressman Alvin Bentley (R.-Mich.) and Solicitor General (then Assistant Attorney General) Rankin:

> MR. BENTLEY: Mr. Rankin, you said in the next to last page of your statement that the Status of Forces Agreement does not include all of the procedural safeguards contained in the Bill of Rights. Does it contain all the safeguards in the Uniform Code of Military Justice?
>
> MR. RANKIN: I would like to be able to examine that with greater care and give you a report for the record. Most of those with us think it does. I want to be certain about it.

Subsequently, at the request of Congressmen Bentley and Richards, Rankin examined the question "with greater care," and his response was inserted in the record of the hearings. The important passage reads as follows:

> The Uniform Code of Military Justice and the Manual for Courts Martial contain all the safeguards guaranteed by paragraph 9 of Article VII of the agreement. The code, however, contains the following additional safeguards not guaranteed by the agreement:
>
> 1. A prohibition against compulsory self-incrimination (art. 31, UCMJ) which is comparable to the provision in the fifth amendment to the Constitution that no person "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself";
>
> 2. A prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment (art. 55, UCMJ) which is comparable to the provision in the eighth amendment to the Constitution that there shall not be inflicted "cruel and unusual punishment"; and
>
> 3. A prohibition against the introduction of illegally obtained evidence (MCM, par. 152) which is comparable to the provision in the fourth amendment to the Constitution that the right of the people "against unreasonable searches and seizures . . . shall not be violated."

It will readily be observed that these are not minor matters; yet they are rights that were taken from Girard (and are similarly taken from other servicemen in his circumstances) as a matter of principle, once he was handed over to a foreign government for trial. The liberties of American servicemen, clearly, are no longer subject to the formulation of rights contained in the American Constitution, the Universal Code of Military Justice, or the Manual for Courts Martial. They are not, in fact, subject to any kind of written statute (for example, a SOFT agreement) that can be known and adhered to. They are subject only to the need of American politicians bent upon serving other nations while (if this becomes urgently necessary) secondarily attempting to mollify the anger of the American people.

If there is merely fury from abroad, in some such case in the future, the serviceman's rights will pass into the hands of the foreign nation. As the possession in principle of an American citizen, his rights no longer exist —although it is conceivable that his rights as a person will be respected. If there is a countervailing fury from the United States, a balance will be achieved and a compromise solution —as in the present instance—devised. The serviceman's rights will come to rest at the equilibrium of thrust and counterthrust.

The point of equilibrium may approximate that at which the serviceman's rights would have rested anyway, under the old constitutional dispensation—a possibility much celebrated by "Status of Forces" partisans. But that will happen only for the Girards—the one-case-in-ten-thousand that makes the headlines. The remaining thousands have been, and will continue to be, less fortunate.

Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Some Challenges to the West

It may well be that America's present discomfort in the matter of Sputniks may do for her something of what Suez did for us in Britain. Suez was a defeat both moral and military: it was in an absolute sense a great misfortune for the West: but it was followed by some much needed rethinking on all sorts of matters. This isn't to say that all the lessons were learned, but at least they became much harder to ignore.

In the same way, Russia's technological challenge is something we should have faced long ago instead of waiting for it to be blazoned forth in such a dramatic manner. The Russian achievement and the American setback have inevitably created far less excitement and alarm in Britain than they have in the States. No one minds so much his side's being beaten in a race where he wasn't competing. Some people are actually pleased to think of America "being taken down a peg or two": others point out the appalling cost in money, men and freedom which the Russians must have paid to throw these toys into the air: still others of a more sober sort are content to feel proud of Britain's Jodrell Bank Observatory, which has the most powerful radio-telescope in the world and has been telling the Russians about the movements of their own Sputniks.

Professor Lovell, who is in charge of the Jodrell Bank Observatory, told us recently about the stream of transatlantic telephone calls he's been receiving lately and about his much less successful efforts to cooperate with Moscow through an endless interchange of telegrams in which the replies seemed to have hardly any relevance to the questions. He's a charming man, very quiet and sensible, intensely interested in, but unalarmed by, the things that are happening. He much regrets the Communist superiority in this phase of scientific development. He believes that sooner or later we must reach a "political settlement" with Russia.

Everyone knows that "political settlements" are easier for scientists to talk about than for politicians to achieve, but it's not only the scientists who regard them as desirable. There is still a strong body of opinion, perhaps a majority opinion, which regards "peaceful coexistence" as the thing to be aimed at; which deplores any new Communist bellicosity as an unexpected retrograde step but believes that sooner or later some compromise is inevitable. This is a manifestation on the largest scale of a great modern fallacy: that all problems are soluble if only the disputants will get round a table and talk. The adherents of this fallacy are completely at a loss when faced with problems like Cyprus or Israel, or inflationary wage demands, where both combatants would much rather fight than compromise; and they do not understand the cold war because they do not understand what Communism is about.

Mr. George F. Kennan, formerly United States ambassador in Moscow, knows what Communism is about, all right, but he has lent the force of his own much more rational views to the side of the compromisers. He is at the moment spending a year at Oxford as Eastman Professor, and has delivered a series of much quoted broadcasts on the BBC. The most controversial part of his thesis is that the West should disengage in Europe. We ought to make a deal with the Russians for the withdrawal of Soviet and Western troops and the neutralization of Germany.

No one is very sanguine about securing Russian agreement, but such familiar left-wing organs as the *Observer* and the Bevanite *Tribune* are clamorous in demanding the attempt. Which should in itself be enough to make right-minded persons suspicious. Easy-going liberals support Kennan's views because they still believe the Russians are sensible chaps really and would be as glad to disengage as we would if a satisfactory *quid pro quo* could be found.

Thanks rather to Communist pressure than to the clear-sightedness of its members, NATO has awakened considerably in the past few months. The current meetings are about as important as they could be. The Western powers must not only adjust their thinking to the new situation created by Communist equality or even superiority in missile development, but they must deal with all sorts of dangerous conflicts which may not be directly part of the cold war but have the most urgent bearing on it. The French believe they've been badly let down over Algeria. The Dutch are asking for help in Indonesia, as well they might considering that their troubles there spring largely from British and American intervention after the war. The British want to be relieved of some part of their disproportionately heavy defense burden, chiefly by means of a proper contribution from Western Germany. And, besides such individual sore points, there is a recurrent fear among the European members that Britain and America might become too wrapped up in one another to the exclusion of the rest. Plain jealousy of United States power and riches is a permanent danger which must be constantly guarded against. As M. Spaak said, "I do not like to see Europeans laugh at the U.S. failure. We must have declined very sadly, for nobody thinks of Europe joining the Sputnik race."

As far as that goes, Europe is probably quite right not to compete in the matter of Sputniks. Capitalism could be destroyed no less effectually and more safely by ruining Western economies than by blowing up Western cities. The danger lies rather in the neutralist mentality. The great lesson of Suez was that you can't fight an imperialist war unless you have an imperialist will. The lesson of the Sputnik debacle is much the same. It's the will that counts, the determination, the refusal to accept defeat, the ability to go on whatever a fickle world may think.

The art of fighting a cold war, as of every other difficult enterprise, is to take defeats and mistakes in your stride, to build on them, to turn them to good. Now is the time for the Western Alliance to do just that.

For Want of A Radical Rich

One might expect the rich, who chiefly benefit by free enterprise, to be willing to support it. But, says the author, they find it more opportune to finance the collectivists who will destroy them

FRANK CHODOROV

A couple of men operating radical shops were discussing their financial problems recently; their businesses are hurting for lack of funds. Not that this is anything new for them, but that the shortage is occasioned by a falling off of the larger contributions upon which they had depended in the past, and this fact seemed to them to be ominous. Why are the well-to-do and the corporation heads cutting down their financial support of these radical operations?

The brand of radicalism being peddled by these shops—called foundations—ought to have great appeal to men of means. Broadly speaking, it is what has come to be known as libertarianism. Its primary philosophic tenet is that the individual is a unique creature of God, not the product of an environment, and that he is by virtue of his existence endowed with rights which the majority or the political establishment may not violate. Its political tenet is that the State derives its authority from the individual and is instituted for the sole purpose of protecting the individual in the enjoyment of his rights, against all other individuals or groups, and that beyond that negative function the State has neither the competence nor the authority for doing anything. Its economic tenet follows from these two, holding that the individual's pursuit of happiness, an inalienable right, is coterminous with his right to keep, enjoy and dispose of his property. In brief, the foundations are trying to promote understanding of and respect for the doctrines of limited government and free enterprise.

Is this radicalism? It is, if you define radicalism as a pattern of thought in full disagreement with the dominant creed of the times and in opposition to the institutions resting on that conformity. It is hardly arguable that the current conformity is statism. The entrenchment of such institutions as the income tax, subventionism, interventionism and controls merely evidences a general acceptance of the State's pretensions to social and economic competence; meanwhile, the scribes and the pharisees and the college professors, those who presume to shape and record thought-patterns, loudly affirm their faith in the salvation of man through political power. If conservatism consists in preserving the status quo in social thought and institutions, then statism is undoubtedly the conservatism of these times. Its opposite, libertarianism, or, if you will, individualism, is the going radicalism.

Really Radical

Well, the foundations finding the going rough are dedicated to the propagation of this radical thought. They issue literature, distribute educational motion pictures, hold seminars and send out speakers, all for the purpose of showing up the fallacies of statism and demonstrating the virtues of free enterprise. They might be called revolutionary in that they hope their educational work will ultimately result in the changing of institutions. Operating on the theory that right action will follow right thought, they expect that the informed voter will at long last demand the repeal of a spate of interventionary laws and thus bring the State down to size. But for the present, and for good reason, they confine their work to education. For operational funds they depend on contributions from those who find their radicalism palatable.

The insistence of this radicalism on the sanctity of private property ought to make it particularly appealing to those who have some property—to those who are indiscriminately called "the rich." The institution has done well by them, and their class, and one would expect that self-interest would incline them to preserve it. Their reported niggardliness is therefore incongruous.

Donations for Collectivism

It should be pointed out that the well-to-do and the corporations are not withholding their support of radicalism because of parsimony. The records indicate that they are as generous as ever in their contributions to various eleemosynary institutions. Particularly, and illogically, they are increasing their donations to colleges where collectivist or anti-free-enterprise doctrines are taught with great aplomb. However, their generosity does not seem to be motivated by any interest in or understanding of the work to which they lend support, but rather to a desire to maintain favorable "public relations" with the community; they are buying good will, not supporting a "cause" they believe in. The "cause" of free enterprise, or freedom in general, is admittedly out of fashion (that's what makes it radical), and little in the way of public acclaim would accrue to corporations contributing to it. So, even though the heads of these corporations may be favorably inclined toward free enterprise, they see no profit in supporting a movement dedicated to its perpetuation.

A retired industrialist, one who in his day built one of the largest enterprises in the country and is among the foremost supporters of the current radicalism, has a sound explanation for the lack of interest in free enterprise among the active corporation presidents. He points out that this

crop of industrial leaders came up the ladder during the years when statism was achieving its conservative position; that is, from the beginning of World War II to the end of the Korean War. During that training period they became accustomed to doing business with the government, and adjusted their thinking accordingly; to put it bluntly, they learned to equate business with lobbying. They completely forgot whatever they had known about the market place; lost contact with the problems of competition. If their previous learning is taken into consideration it is realized that they brought to their presidencies a well-rounded statist background; for they had gone to college at the time the professors were touting New Dealism. Therefore, any interest they may now have in free enterprise is purely academic, something acquired by chance or circumstance, and is not a strong passion. They are not radicals.

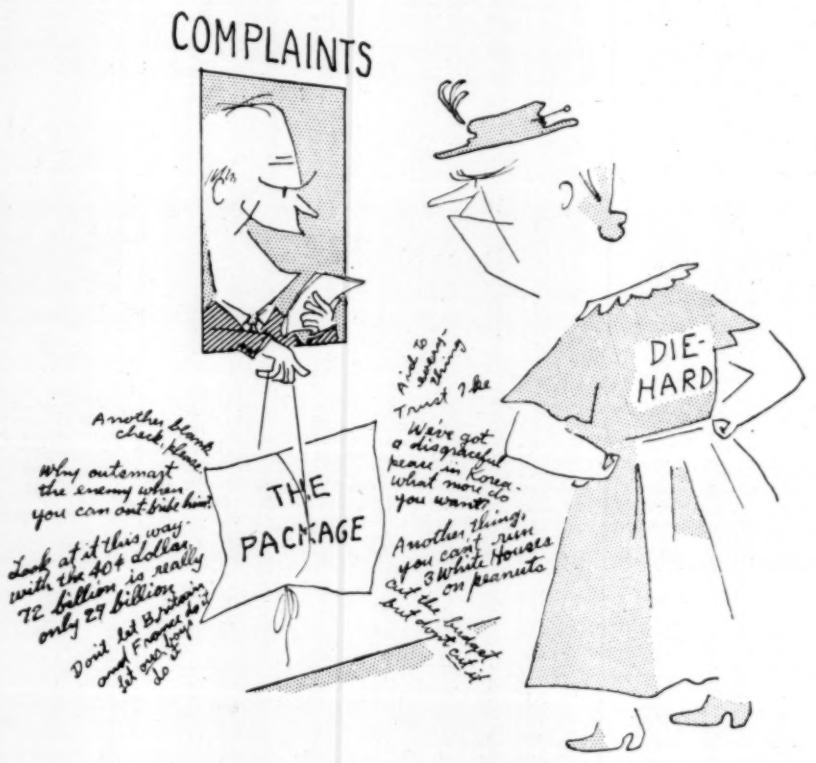
Leaders of Change

If it is true that "the rich" have embraced the religion of statism, then the cause of libertarianism is in bad shape. For, if we go by the evidence of history, it is this very class that must foster new thought and lead revolutions. For example, the Protestant Reformation was not a mass movement in its infancy, but was rather the enthusiasm of princes; Runnymede was engineered by nobles; it was the likes of Lafayette that promoted the French Revolution; and the signers of the American Declaration of Independence were all men of means. This is not to say that "the rich" have a monopoly of either brains or the spirit of adventure; yet it is understandable that only those who are not pressed by the problems of existence, who have some leisure, can indulge in the sport of intellectual speculation and entertain an enthusiasm for change. Those who have to grub for a living are too busy to think, and if they have made a comfortable adjustment to their way of life are decidedly opposed to anything that might disturb it; they give up their conservatism only when existence becomes unbearable. Very frequently, as in the case of Karl Marx, a pauper may lay the egg for radicalism, but it takes an Engels to incubate it. (Come to think of it, socialism was not set up in business by the "horny hand of labor" but by the very class it was meant to destroy.) The future of thought and of resulting institutions is the special interest of the affluent.

It is interesting to note that the reported disinterest of "the rich" in libertarianism explodes another Marxist myth, to wit: the one that holds that an individual may make a mistake, but a class keeps inevitably to its appointed course; therefore, if a proletarian joins up with the capitalist class, or vice versa, it is an accident that does not affect the infallibility of class consciousness. The class always marches to its appointed end, its economic interest. Fiddlesticks! We now see how a whole class can deliberately choose the course of suicide. For the logical and ultimate end of statism is the extinction of the individual in favor of State power. Complete statism means the end of private property and therefore the end of a property-owning or capitalist class.

It would seem, therefore, that the capitalists of the day would for self-preservation flock to the support of the free-enterprise school of thought. But no, we see them encouraging the growth of political power, condoning subventionism and encouraging interventionism. More important, they are giving hard cash to the media that propagate the phrases of statism. This comes very close to digging one's own grave.

The reason for this incongruous attitude is obvious; it is still possible to make a dollar by doing business with the State. After all, here is a customer who has in his till a third of all the nation produces, year after year, and a customer so well heeled is certainly always right. It is difficult for the logic of libertarianism, of its dire croaking about long-run consequence, to face up to this fact. Perhaps "the rich" will assume their natural function of leading radical thought and fostering revolution when the profit margin of doing business with the State approaches the vanishing point. It will come.



Kreuttner

"It's true, Madam, that we made a few substitutions in your order for Individual Freedom, Self-Respect, and the Right-to-Your-Own-Money, but under Middle-of-the-Road Morality, how can you possibly refer to fraud as Fraud?"

Letter from Asia

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Japanese Constitution

There are two official bodies in Japan concerned with the revision of the Constitution—the Lower House's Special Committee on Constitutional Revision and its Upper House counterpart. A third body is the Constitution Research Council, before which former Prime Minister Hitoshi Ashida recently made a speech about the Emperor's role in the new Constitution depriving him of all ancient rights and the possibility of participating in the political life of his own country. Since 1945 he has not been Head of State, but merely the "symbol of the nation."

Now, it could be argued that the role of the Emperor ever since the Middle Ages has not been very different from that. Japan under the Shoguns was an aristocratic republic, and even the Jeiji restoration in 1868 resulted merely in a purely symbolic return of the Emperor to power. During the rule of the present Emperor's father the military clique really took over. It was precisely the weakness of the Emperor's power which made possible the imperialistic policy of the Army. Japan needs not less monarchial power, but more.

Yet after Japan's defeat, America's strong leftist element demanded its transformation into a republic. It was especially Mr. Owen Lattimore who demanded this, and it is to Mr. Joseph C. Grew's credit that he opposed such a solution to the "Japanese Problem." Knowing something about Japan, I believe that after the shattering blow dealt to it in 1945 such a radical change could have been technically effected, yet it would have increased the terrible *inner* void which is today's real menace.

Mr. Ashida pointed out in his lecture that a draft Constitution had been "offered" to Japan in 1945 by the U. S. with the remark that America did not "intend to force it on Japan but that, judging from the present climate of opinion within the Allied Council for the Far East, the only way for Japan to protect the existence of the Emperors is to accept this draft." In the discussion which followed, Mr. Yoshishige Abe, chairman of the Upper House's committee on the revision of the Constitution, declared it to be an undeniable fact that the Constitution had been "forced upon Japan by the U. S. in order to weaken Japan" and that as it now stood it was "humiliating." Opposition came only from Mr. Tokujiro Kanamori, director of the National Diet Library, who gave reasons why the Emperor should remain a mere symbol.

The debate clearly shows the consequences of the ideological enthusiasm and prejudice of the American Left under the *ancien régime*. Admiration for the USSR was still rampant; the notion that Japan one day might have to be a bulwark against totalitarianism was never entertained by American leftists who, like leftists everywhere, maintain that their minds are fixed on the future.

The leftists' analysis of Japan's ills (which, no doubt, existed) was far from correct. They simply reasoned thus: the wicked elements of yesterday and today are monarchs, aristocrats, generals, industrialists, bankers, bishops, priests and meek women; but the progressive camp is made up of eager students, workers, trade unionists, enlightened peasants and Socialist politicians. Curiously, there was also a strong anti-professorial trend in the early American occupation. When it was discovered that the universities were extremely strict and had high standards, they were quickly catalogued among the enemies of true democracy. Besides the monarchy there were three evil forces in Japan —*gunbatsu* (the rule of the generals), *zaibatsu* (plutocracy) and *gakubatsu* (the rule of the universities).

But the hard facts remain that the Emperor was peaceful and that the aristocracy had almost totally withdrawn from military careers. Even the high officers of the Japanese Imperial Army were miserably paid, but their education was at the expense of the State. It was the ideal career for the poor boy. No wonder the Imperial Japanese Army between the two world wars became an anti-aristocratic body. It was different with the Navy, which was less narrow in outlook.

Japan's old plutocracy was opposed to war. Total war respects neither the critical attitude of the Socialist trade unionists nor the peaceful inclinations of the manufacturer. Both are forced to become part of the war machine; both are innocent and guilty. The Japanese *zaibatsu* was probably more pacifist than the man in the street, whose outlook was wholly provincial and nationalistic. Yet American occupation policies—and not only in Japan—were always curiously divided between the preaching of the gospel of egalitarian democracy and the conviction that one man's responsibility was infinitely greater than another's.

The *gakubatsu* never existed. Professors in Japan have a certain prestige, yet owing to their divergent views they exercise no influence and their salaries are pitiable. American leftism was moved against the *gakubatsu* not so much by ideological motives but by notions belonging to American folklore. The same policies were advocated in Germany, where resistance to the lowering of standards was fully successful.

The results of the American re-education program were mostly, though not exclusively, harmful. The Army was completely destroyed—very much to the pleasure of the Communists. Its reorganization is by no means easy. The destruction of the old *zaibatsu*, carried out with remarkable obedience, resulted in the rise of *nouveaux riches* fiercely competing among themselves—and often in a way ruinous to the economy. The trade unions have become bitter enemies of America, as are the Socialists and the Communists, who owe their legal status to American pressure. Extreme leftism is rampant among the university students who, as a result of their shoddy intellectual preparation, fall for the idea of a planned, centrally directed economy. (Separation of state and religion and legality for Communism were capital American demands.) The boomerang has now returned full swing to its thrower.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Federal Education

A decade ago, Mr. Truman's "President's Commission on Higher Education" submitted a fat and turgid report calculated to reform American colleges and universities on a dreary uniform plan. For the authors of that report, magnitude was all. Though that Commission succeeded in doing some mischief, we have not gone one-tenth as far down the road to the degradation of the democratic dogma in education as the Commissioners hoped.

President Eisenhower, too, has his Committee on Education Beyond the High School, which has submitted two reports. In general, the Eisenhower committee is a much more moderate and cautious body than the Truman group. In its first Report, it declines to recommend that the federal government take a direct part in the planning and financing of higher education:

> The Committee does not believe that the time has yet arrived when the Federal Government should have a role of permanent, direct, economic support of education beyond the high school. It cannot predict when if ever in its opinion that time will arrive.

The Committee does not much concern itself with the ends of higher education. Its deliberations have dealt principally with the means of raising the salaries of college teachers, and with the means of accommodating the anticipated six million young people who—some tell us—will want to enter colleges and universities by 1970. It recommends the revision of tax laws to allow deductions from income tax for persons supporting college students, and to make it possible for corporations to donate five per cent of net income, before taxes, to institutions of higher learning. And—what we might have expected—there are phrases about new grants-in-aid from the federal government to the states.

Whether we really *ought* to have six million college students, the Committee has not ventured to pronounce. Degree-snobbery, an exaggerated vocationalism, and a profound misunderstanding of the role of a university have swollen our university and college enrollments since the war. Yet the Committee accepts uncritically the thesis that at least the top 20 per cent of our high school students ought to go to college—and to be subsidized if they haven't the money for it. The real remedy for the educational ills of this country, I suspect, lies not in sending a mass of young people to college, but rather in improving our secondary schools and high schools: for nowadays most of the universities and colleges are forced to do the work that ordinary schools did only a generation ago.

Yet let us count our blessings. The Committee seems to have little taste for federal control of education, and is not dominated by the more extreme zealots for "education for democracy" and indiscriminate expansion. Some critics dislike what prudence the Committee has shown.

There is Mr. Beardsley Ruml, for instance, the Perennial Bright Boy. Fenn College, in Cleveland, publishes a useful little digest of the news in education; and Mr. Ruml's comments on the Committee's second report are summarized in Fenn's November bulletin. Mr. Ruml has a number of sound observations to make—for instance, his remarks on the tuition-charges of state institutions:

> The tuition policy of our state institutions of higher education require revision. These tuitions are so very low, so far below even the direct costs of instruction, that they constitute in fact a substantial scholarship to every student whether he requires one or not. The publicly supported college or university is placed advantageously in a competitive position against the private institution which was unintended and is beginning a work of destruction to private higher education that must be reversed.

But Mr. Ruml also is a devotee of bigness and centralization. No Mark Hopkins for him, and no log. He likes the "large lecture," with some 250 students, and praises it in educationist jargon. And he is eager for the federal government to take a direct hand; he has generously drawn up a draft Education Act, which he modestly recommends to Congress. It is to follow the language of the Employment Act of 1946, and to assert "a national concern in education." Here is Mr. Ruml's Preamble to his Act:

> The Congress hereby declares that it is the continuing policy and responsibility of the Federal Government consistent with the constitutional rights, the privileges and the duties of the states, to utilize all its plans, functions and resources for the purpose of creating and maintaining conditions under which there will be afforded useful educational opportunities, including self-education, for those able, willing and seeking to learn.

Education by Big Brother?

One suspects that these state rights, privileges, and duties would get short shrift, once the Education Act should become the law of the land. Efficiency is what Mr. Ruml wants; and obscurants will be liquidated. Quite soundly, the Committee mentions that "the proliferation of narrow course offerings" at most institutions ought to be reduced, in the interest of genuine education; and with equal soundness, the Committee leaves this reform to the faculties of individual institutions. But Mr. Ruml implies that faculties never will do the job; and, by an eloquent silence, he leaves us to conclude that some central authority ought to work his reform upon colleges, whether they like it or not. It must be said for Mr. Ruml's stand that at any rate this is not the empty slogan of "education for democracy." But it may be education by Big Brother.

The Russian scientific and technological successes are going to be employed, in this country, in support of all sorts of schemes for federal aid to —and control of—education, during the next few months. But there are cures worse than the disease. I am only saying that enthusiasts for central administration will bear watching; and that I am glad Mr. Truman's old Commission is not sitting in Washington just now.

ARTS and MANNERS

JAMES BURNHAM

Is a Play about Communism Possible?

Sol Stein's *A Shadow of My Enemy* is intelligent, dignified and almost incredibly honest, but it is not really a play. One of the favorable New York reviews (the newspaper critics' score was 4-3 against) called it "a documentary," and this was accurate if incomplete. Taken as a two-hour condensation of the hearings and two trials in the Hiss-Chambers case, it is both skillful and conscientious. Much of the language is direct from the transcript, and Mr. Stein is so scrupulous with the facts that it is hard to see why he bothered to change the real names.

Mr. Stein was too scruplous, probably. He clearly did not intend his work to be nothing but a documentary, and art must be ruthless in bending facts to its own will and purpose. Perhaps *A Shadow of My Enemy* can be thought of as an oratorio without music (though there are two choral songs, at that). There was no attempt at realism. The staging—both set and acting—was formal, austere, even stark. A great double circle faced the audience from the center of a black stage. The inner ring of the circle was a platform that could be quickly lowered (on a hinge, I suppose) to become, by symbolic virtue of a chair and a lectern, the congressional com- tee chamber or the courtroom.

The characters were placed most of the time with formal symmetry: Accuser and Accused spotlighted at opposite sides (always each on the same side) of the front of the stage; the lectern in exact stage center on the back rim of the hinged circle; for the courtroom sequences, the glowing seal of the United States exactly above the lectern, itself left empty to signify, I imagine, that in this trial it is all of us who are judge, as well as jury and accused.

To complete the formal structure Mr. Stein added one character who came and went, under Mr. Petrie's direction, more irregularly than the others, and crossed frequently from one side of the stage to the other. He was identified only as "A Man"—Everyman, presumably, the Chorus, who is trying to grasp the meaning of this bewildering case that from its beginnings jumps so far beyond his good-willed liberal categories.

For Small Relief, Much Thanks

The pace and tone, like the setting and movements, were austere, restrained, monochromatic. Overly restrained for a play, I think. Hamlet's advice, the strolling players knew, was too prissy for their craft. It's hard to keep a play alive the whole evening if there isn't an occasional passion torn to tatters, a few groundling ears split, and maybe a clown who will himself laugh so that the barren spectators will laugh too. The stage couldn't exist unless there was some ham in all of us; as the old professionals put it, "I know it's corny, my dear, but it's *theater.*"

So Mr. Stein's audience can't be scolded for its sigh of relief for the couple of minutes while "Delilah Franklin, the maid" was on the stand. Although her words happen to have been taken intact from the transcript, Delilah was, for the audience, the archetypical colored servant who is as much a fixture of twentieth-century American plays as the footlights. Everyone could smile without guilt as Delilah told about answering the doorbell and minding the baby.

In his program apologia Mr. Stein says that *A Shadow of My Enemy* is "a 'why-done-it' rather than a 'who-done-it.'" But is "why-done-it" a possible question for a dramatist to probe? Isn't that more the business of a psychologist or novelist? A play must assume most of its whys, just as it must take out of a common fund most of its characters (Hamlet's "the king, the adventurous knight, sighing lover, humorous man, the lady") and its values. A dramatist just doesn't have time to create a world of his own. A painting, a statue or a novel can lie in wait for centuries, and can be perceived in one's own way for as long as one wishes. A play must seize the two hours before the curtain falls.

Therefore, in creating a play the share of the audience is more active than for any of the other arts. Playwright and audience are instructing, forming each other. This may be why there has never been a serious American play about Communism. There has been no audience for it, and the unaided playwright cannot create both play and audience.

We—the audience that goes to the theater in this country—are all mixed up about Communism. We don't know what's right and what's wrong, who's a hero and who's a villain. Is the Accuser—the ex-Communist who tells us about plots and espionage—a noble martyr, a neurotic liar or a dirty stool pigeon? Is the Accused a slandered patriot, a misguided idealist, or a cold and deadly conspirator? Is the Committee Chairman a tribune of the people or a cheap demagogue? Is the FBI man a selfless public servant or a fascist-minded framer of the innocent?—And is the Enemy indeed the Enemy? The single playwright might give an answer to a few of the questions, but not to them all.

Thus, Mr. Stein suggests to us that the Accused acted out of a special kind of pride—to be on the winning side, in tune with History. This answer is cogent, but not easy to follow if you are not already familiar with it. The Accuser—as the part was written and as it was finely played by Ed Begley—was a man groping in torment. But this leaves the audience, too, still groping. At the end of the trial the guilty verdict is universal: the Accused, for betraying his country and civilization; the Accuser, for betraying his friend; Everyman—the audience, all of us—for failing to understand. The verdict is just and true; but—it is not *theater.* In the theater, when the curtain falls we've got to know where we're at.

The last words are the Accuser's "It is only the beginning." This verdict, also, is just. *A Shadow of My Enemy* is only the beginning of a drama dealing seriously with the central reality of our epoch; but, after forty years, it is, at last, that beginning.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Big Sister Is Watching You

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Several years ago, Miss Ayn Rand wrote *The Fountainhead*. Despite a generally poor press, it is said to have sold some four hundred thousand copies. Thus, it became a wonder of the book trade of a kind that publishers dream about after taxes. So *Atlas Shrugged* (Random House, $6.95) had a first printing of one hundred thousand copies. It appears to be slowly climbing the best-seller lists.

The news about this book seems to me to be that any ordinarily sensible head could possibly take it seriously, and that, apparently, a good many do. Somebody has called it: "Excruciatingly awful." I find it a remarkably silly book. It is certainly a bumptious one. Its story is preposterous. It reports the final stages of a final conflict (locale: chiefly the United States, some indefinite years hence) between the harried ranks of free enterprise and the "looters." These are proponents of proscriptive taxes, government ownership, Labor, etc. etc. The mischief here is that the author, dodging into fiction, nevertheless counts on your reading it as political reality. "This," she is saying in effect, "is how things really are. These are the real issues, the real sides. Only your blindness keeps you from seeing it, which, happily, I have come to rescue you from."

Since a great many of us dislike much that Miss Rand dislikes, quite as heartily as she does, many incline to take her at her word. It is the more persuasive, in some quarters, because the author deals wholly in the blackest blacks and the whitest whites. In this fiction everything, everybody, is either all good or all bad, without any of those intermediate shades which, in life, complicate reality and perplex the eye that seeks to probe it truly. This kind of simplifying pattern, of course, gives charm to most primitive story-telling. And, in fact, the somewhat ferro-concrete fairy tale the author pours here is, basically, the old one known as: The War between the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness. In modern dress, it is a class war. Both sides to it are caricatures.

The Children of Light are largely operatic caricatures. In so far as any of them suggests anything known to the business community, they resemble the occasional curmudgeon millionaire, tales about whose outrageously crude and shrewd eccentricities sometimes provide the lighter moments in Board rooms. Otherwise, the Children of Light are geniuses. One of them is named (the only smile you see will be your own): Francisco Domingo Carlos Andres Sebastian d'Antonio. This electrifying youth is the world's biggest copper tycoon. Another, no less electrifying, is named: Ragnar Danesjöld. He becomes a twentieth-century pirate. All Miss Rand's chief heroes are also breathtakingly beautiful. So is her heroine (she is rather fetchingly vice-president in charge of management of a transcontinental railroad). So much radiant energy might seem to serve an eugenic purpose. For, in this story as in Mark Twain's, "all the knights marry the princess"—though without benefit of clergy. Yet from the impromptu and surprisingly gymnastic matings of the heroine and three of the heroes, no children—it suddenly strikes you—ever result. The possibility is never entertained. And, indeed, the strenuously sterile world of *Atlas Shrugged* is scarcely a place for children. You speculate that, in life, children probably irk the author and may make her uneasy. How could it be otherwise when she admiringly names a banker character (by what seems to me a humorless master-stroke): Midas Mulligan? You may fool some adults, you can't fool little boys and girls with such stuff—not for long. They may not know just what is out of line, but they stir uneasily.

The Children of Darkness are caricatures, too; and they are really oozy. But at least they are caricatures of something identifiable. Their archetypes are Left Liberals, New Dealers, Welfare Statists, One Worlders, or, at any rate, such ogreish semblances of these as may stalk the nightmares of those who think little about people as people, but tend to think a great deal in labels and effigies. (And neither Right nor Left, be it noted in passing, has a monopoly of such dreamers, though the horrors in their nightmares wear radically different masks and labels.)

In *Atlas Shrugged*, all this debased inhuman riffraff is lumped as "looters." This is a fairly inspired epithet. It enables the author to skewer on one invective word everything and everybody that she fears and hates. This spares her the plaguy business of performing one service that her fiction might have performed, namely: that of examining in human depth how so feeble a lot came to exist at all, let alone be powerful enough to be worth hating and fearing. Instead, she bundles them into one undifferentiated damnation.

"Looters" loot because they believe in Robin Hood, and have got a lot of other people believing in him, too. Robin Hood is the author's image of absolute evil—robbing the strong (and hence good) to give to the weak (and hence no good). All "looters" are base, envious, twisted, malignant

minds, motivated wholly by greed for power, combined with the lust of the weak to tear down the strong, out of a deep-seated hatred of life and secret longing for destruction and death. There happens to be a tiny (repeat: tiny) seed of truth in this. The full clinical diagnosis can be read in the pages of Friedrich Nietzsche. (Here I must break in with an aside. Miss Rand acknowledges a grudging debt to one, and only one, earlier philosopher: Aristotle. I submit that she is indebted, and much more heavily, to Nietzsche. Just as her operatic businessmen are, in fact, Nietzschean supermen, so her ulcerous Leftists are Nietzsche's "last men," both deformed in a way to sicken the fastidious recluse of Sils Maria. And much else comes, consciously or not, from the same source.) Happily, in *Atlas Shrugged* (though not in life), all the Children of Darkness are utterly incompetent.

So the Children of Light win handily by declaring a general strike of brains, of which they have a monopoly, letting the world go, literally, to smash. In the end, they troop out of their Rocky Mountain hideaway to repossess the ruins. It is then, in the book's last line, that a character traces in the air, "over the desolate earth," the Sign of the Dollar, in lieu of the Sign of the Cross, and in token that a suitably prostrate mankind is at last ready, for its sins, to be redeemed from the related evils of religion and social reform (the "mysticism of mind" and the "mysticism of muscle").

That Dollar Sign is not merely provocative, though we sense a sophomoric intent to raise the pious hair on susceptible heads. More importantly, it is meant to seal the fact that mankind is ready to submit abjectly to an elite of technocrats, and their accessories, in a New Order, enlightened and instructed by Miss Rand's ideas that the good life is one which "has resolved personal worth into exchange value," "has left no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous 'cash-payment.'" The author is explicit, in fact deafening, about these prerequisites. Lest you should be in any doubt after 1168 pages, she assures you with a final stamp of the foot in a postscript: "And I mean it." But the words quoted above are those of Karl Marx. He, too, admired "naked self-interest" (in its time and place), and for much the same reasons as Miss Rand: because, he believed, it cleared away the cobwebs of religion and led to prodigies of industrial and cognate accomplishment.

The overlap is not as incongruous as it looks. *Atlas Shrugged* can be called a novel only by devaluing the term. It is a massive tract for the times. Its story merely serves Miss Rand to get the customers inside the tent, and as a soapbox for delivering her Message. The Message is the thing. It is, in sum, a forthright philosophic materialism. Upperclassmen might incline to sniff and say that the author has, with vast effort, contrived a simple materialist system, one, intellectually, at about the stage of the oxcart, though without mastering the principle of the wheel. Like any consistent materialism, this one begins by rejecting God, religion, original sin, etc. etc. (This book's aggressive atheism and rather unbuttoned "higher morality," which chiefly outrage some readers, are, in fact, secondary ripples, and result inevitably from its underpinning premises.) Thus, Randian Man, like Marxian Man, is made the center of a godless world.

At that point, in any materialism, the main possibilities open up to Man. 1) His tragic fate becomes, without God, more tragic and much lonelier. In general, the tragedy deepens according to the degree of pessimism or stoicism with which he conducts his "hopeless encounter between human questioning and the silent universe." Or, 2) Man's fate ceases to be tragic at all. Tragedy is bypassed by the pursuit of happiness. Tragedy is henceforth pointless. Henceforth man's fate, without God, is up to him, and to him alone. His happiness, in strict materialist terms, lies with his own workaday hands and ingenious brain. His happiness becomes, in Miss Rand's words, "the moral purpose of his life." Here occurs a little rub whose effects are just as observable in a free enterprise system, which is in practice materialist (whatever else it claims or supposes itself to be), as they would be under an atheist Socialism, if one were ever to deliver that material abundance that all promise. The rub is that the pursuit of happiness, as an end in itself, tends automatically, and widely, to be replaced by the pursuit of pleasure with a consequent general softening of the fibers of will, intelligence, spirit. No doubt, Miss Rand has brooded upon that little rub. Hence, in part, I presume, her insistence on "man as a heroic being" "with productive achievement as his noblest activity." For, if Man's "heroism" (some will prefer to say: "human dignity") no longer derives from God, or is not a function of that godless integrity which was a root of Nietzsche's anguish, then Man becomes merely the most consuming of animals, with glut as the condition of his happiness and its replenishment his foremost activity. So Randian Man, at least in his ruling caste, has to be held "heroic" in order not to be beastly. And this, of course, suits the author's economics and the politics that must arise from them.

For politics, of course, arise, though the author of *Atlas Shrugged* stares stonily past them, as if this book were not what, in fact, it is, essentially—a political book. And here begins mischief. Systems of philosophic materialism, so long as they merely circle outside this world's atmosphere, matter little to most of us. The trouble is that they keep coming down to earth. It is when a system of materialist ideas presumes to give positive answers to real problems of our real life that mischief starts. In an age like ours, in which a highly complex technological society is everywhere in a high state of instability, such answers, however philosophic, translate quickly into political realities. And in the degree to which problems of complexity and instability are most bewildering to masses of men, a temptation sets in to let some species of Big Brother solve and supervise them.

One Big Brother is, of course, a socializing elite (as we know, several cut-rate brands are on the shelves). Miss Rand, as the enemy of any socializing force, calls in a Big Brother of her own contriving to do battle with the other. In the name of free enterprise, therefore, she plumps for a technocratic elite (I find no more inclusive word than technocratic to bracket the industrial-financial-engineering caste she seems to have in mind). When she calls "productive

achievement" man's "noblest activity," she means, almost exclusively, technological achievement, supervised by such a managerial political bureau. She might object that she means much, much more; and we can freely entertain her objections. But, in sum, that is just what she means. For that is what, in reality, it works out to. And in reality, too, by contrast with fiction, this can only head into a dictatorship, however benign, living and acting beyond good and evil, a law unto itself (as Miss Rand believes it should be), and feeling any restraint on itself as, in practice, criminal, and, in morals, vicious—as Miss Rand clearly feels it to be. Of course, Miss Rand nowhere calls for a dictatorship. I take her to be calling for an aristocracy of talents. We cannot labor here why, in the modern world, the pre-conditions for aristocracy, an organic growth, no longer exist, so that impulse toward aristocracy always emerges now in the form of dictatorship.

Nor has the author, apparently, brooded on the degree to which, in a wicked world, a materialism of the Right and a materialism of the Left, first surprisingly resemble, then, in action, tend to blend each with each, because, while differing at the top in avowed purpose, and possibly in conflict there, at bottom they are much the same thing. The embarrassing similarities between Hitler's National Socialism and Stalin's brand of Communism are familiar. For the world, as seen in materialist view from the Right, scarcely differs from the same world seen in materialist view from the Left. The question becomes chiefly: who is to run that world in whose interests, or perhaps, at best, who can run it more efficiently?

Something of this implication is fixed in the book's dictatorial tone, which is much its most striking feature. Out of a lifetime of reading, I can recall no other book in which a tone of overriding arrogance was so implacably sustained. Its shrillness is without reprieve. Its dogmatism is without appeal. In addition, the mind, which finds this tone natural to it, shares other characteristics of its type. 1) It consistently mistakes raw force for strength, and the rawer the force, the more reverent the posture of the mind before it. 2) It supposes itself to be the bringer of a final revelation. Therefore, resistance to the Message cannot be tolerated because disagreement can never be merely honest, prudent or just humanly fallible. Dissent from revelation so final (because, the author would say, so reasonable) can only be willfully wicked. There are ways of dealing with such wickedness, and, in fact, right reason itself enjoins them. From almost any page of *Atlas Shrugged*, a voice can be heard, from painful necessity, commanding: "To a gas chamber—go!" The same inflexibly self-righteous stance results, too (in the total absence of any saving humor), in odd extravagances of inflection and gesture—that Dollar Sign, for example. At first, we try to tell ourselves that these are just lapses, that this mind has, somehow, mislaid the discriminating knack that most of us pray will warn us in time of the difference between what is effective and firm, and what is wildly grotesque and excessive. Soon we suspect something worse. We suspect that this mind finds, precisely in extravagance, some exalting merit; feels a surging release of power and passion precisely in smashing up the house. A tornado might feel this way, or Carrie Nation.

We struggle to be just. For we cannot help feel at least a sympathetic pain before the sheer labor, discipline and patient craftsmanship that went to making this mountain of words. But the words keep shouting us down. In the end that tone dominates. But it should be its own antidote, warning us that anything it shouts is best taken with the usual reservations with which we might sip a patent medicine. Some may like the flavor. In any case, the brew is probably without lasting ill effects. But it is not a cure for anything. Nor would we, ordinarily, place much confidence in the diagnosis of a doctor who supposes that the Hippocratic Oath is a kind of curse.

Will Nasser Reverse Course?

L. BRENT BOZELL

Freda Utley has put so much good reporting and political wisdom on paper over the past two decades that I always keep a hopeful eye on her publisher's new listings. *The China Story*, for example, remains the most engrossing account of America's betrayal of Nationalist China in the forties. Her *High Cost of Vengeance* was a devastating indictment of Allied unconditional surrender policy in the last war. And *Lost Illusion* I remember as one of the very best of political odysseys: how this talented and supremely compassionate woman found her way into and out of the Communist movement. Now Miss Utley has turned to the Middle East and has given us a book that I am afraid is more distinguished for its sensitivity to human suffering and its occasional reminders of forgotten historical data than for the clear-headed political analysis for which she has also earned a reputation.

Will the Middle East Go West? (Regnery, $3.00) has three parts. There is a middle section dealing with Israel that presents a fair and informative statement of Arab grievances against the Jews and of Arab fears respecting future Israeli expansion. It proposes, moreover, a possible solution to the Arab-Jewish conflict: that Israel be compelled to halt her present policy of "ingathering" Jews from the world over. Miss Utley believes the Arabs must and will accept Israel if the danger of a Jewish "overpopulation problem" is removed. Another, the third section, is a searing indictment of Western colonialism in general, and of French policy in North Africa in particular.

The book's main thesis, however, is contained in the first part: The West, Miss Utley argues, is in the process of pushing the Middle East into the arms of Russia and can avoid the catastrophe only by itself embracing the "revolutionary Arab nationalist movement" captained by Gamal Abdel Nasser. Western treachery and selfishness are of long standing, and are the root of our troubles. Allied duplicity toward the Arabs

during and after World War I and Western failure to support Arab aims after World War II made it impossible for the Arabs to have any confidence in the West, and eventually forced Arab nationalism—for which Colonel Nasser is leader and symbol—to look to the Soviet Union. Thus, Nasser's apparently anti-Western moves—the arms deals, the Suez nationalization, etc.—are traceable to Western provocation. Finally, Miss Utley sees a parallel between the Middle East and China. Just as the West drove Sun Yat-sen and the Chinese Nationalists into Moscow's embrace during 1922-27 by refusing to yield its extraterritorial privileges and by failing to thwart Japan, just so the West is playing into Moscow's hand today by opposing Nasser's movement and by failing to thwart Israel.

The answer to all of this can be seen, I think, by pursuing the China analogy a little further. Does Miss Utley believe that the West should have supported the Kuomintang *during* the Moscow-Canton entente, *before* Chiang Kai-shek in 1926-27 turned on the Communists? Presumably not. This was a period in which Chinese nationalism, however innocent its intentions, was serving Soviet imperialism. Whatever guilt the West bore in alienating Dr. Sun's movement, Miss Utley would surely deny that supporting a nationalist movement *after it has become Soviet-oriented* is any way to do penance for past sins and blunders. She does not harbor what this book calls "the illusion that national liberation movements can become associates or allies with Soviet Russia without letting Communists run the show."

What, then, of Egypt? Miss Utley knows the facts and with characteristic honesty devotes large sections of her book to reciting them. Since the Soviet bloc is the sole source of supply, Nasser's armed forces are at the mercy of Kremlin whim—no denying that. Is Egypt's economy tied up with the Soviet bloc? Miss Utley quotes Nasser: "As much as it was tied to the Western bloc a few years ago. Is this an evil thing?" The Egyptian press and radio daily disgorge reams of blatant Communist propaganda—"To an increasing extent," Miss Utley writes, "the 'Voice of the Arabs' sounds like the voice of Moscow or the voice of Peiping." Nasser, as well as the Communists, is attempting to undermine pro-Western Arab governments. And so on. But where one would expect the verdict that Nasser, like Sun before him, is too far gone to justify Western backing, the author submits a baffling array of arguments designed to bail him out.

Baffling, I say, because Miss Utley has a logical mind and because her arguments have no bearing on the relevant point: Is Nasser's regime, in fact, Soviet-oriented? One such argument points out extenuating circumstances: Nasser relies on Soviet arms and trade because they could not be obtained from the West. Another asserts that the pot should not call the kettle black: "Is it really more virtuous to help arm the Communists than to take arms from them?" Miss Utley asks, referring to U.S. aid to Tito and to Russia during the war. (Answer: No. But the nation that takes arms is the one likely to become dependent on Russia.) A third suggests that "crypto-Communists" (*i.e.*, not Nasser) are responsible for Cairo's pro-Soviet propaganda—"it would indeed be strange if Egypt did not have its own Alger Hiss." Miss Utley eventually thinks better of this one—the Egyptian press and radio, she later concedes, is government (*i.e.*, Nasser) controlled.

Such facts, to be sure, do not mean that Egypt is irrevocably bound to Moscow—any more than China was during 1922-27. They do mean, however, that Egypt must reverse course, as China did, before the West can afford to do business with her. Let Nasser take a page from Chiang and turn on his Red "benefactors"; then let the West step forward, as Miss Utley urges, to give the Arabs their due.

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

AMERICAN PANORAMA, edited by Eric Larrabee (New York University, $4.95). Officials of the Carnegie Corporation decided the citizens of the British Commonwealth needed a "well-delineated portrait of the United States." Accordingly they lined up 350 books and distributed them in the Commonwealth. The present volume contains the introductory article written for each book by the selectors. Considering the source, the list holds few surprises. The late Zechariah Chafee, Jr., is there with his admonitions against legal security measures. Mrs. Roosevelt recounts her career, and the inveterate whining of Norman Thomas is heard. Former President Truman struttingly justifies the recall of General MacArthur. But the list is not all bad. Certainly Hergesheimer's *Java Head* and Ellen Glasgow's *Vein of Iron* are first-rate novels. For that matter, so are *Dombey and Son* and *Jane Eyre*.

F. FARR

THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM, by Yvor Winters (Alan Swallow, $3.00). Ruskin is not dead. Here is another pontiff of art as moral, of criticism as an infallible science, decreeing what poetic form is greatest (the short expository lyric, preferably didactic), who is greatest (Valéry, here cast in Turner's role), and why (principally because Winters says so). But this Ruskin has none of the original's grandeur and nobility. He can only show his superiority by insulting every poet back to Homer (a chronicler of pugilists, himself a bit punchy), and by exercises in sheer perversity: Pope founded the romantic school,[6] and

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Thirteen Teamsters

vs.

James R. Hoffa

Thirteen members of the Teamsters Union are struggling against the power of James R. Hoffa. On their own resources (the ordinary workingman's pay) they have courageously raised the issue of labor union dictatorship.

They are going to court in an attempt to prove that Hoffa and the other national officers-elect of the Teamsters were chosen by a convention controlled by hand-picked delegates. They are trying to obtain a new court-supervised election.

HELP IS NEEDED

In the interest of the entire citizenship of this country, we appeal to the public for financial aid to defray the heavy expenses of the trial. Every dollar will be used to give the rank and file aid and encouragement in ousting labor dictators and gangster elements; to establish the legal principle that every union member is entitled to a vote in determining who his leaders shall be.

Attorneys for the Thirteen (Godfrey P. Schmidt and Thomas J. Dodd, who serve without pay) believe they should call between 200 and 400 witnesses as a fair sample from the membership of the 891 Teamster Locals. Every witness must have real courage to testify against his current labor bosses. Most witnesses cannot travel to Washington without financial assistance.

(Committee members, besides the Thirteen, are Rt. Rev. James A. Pike, Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine; Dr. Morris N. Kertzer, Director of Interreligious Affairs, American Jewish Committee; Rev. Father Peter M. Lappin, S.D.B., Director of Public Relations of the Salesian Order.)

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"Hopkins is often an immoral poet." One essay—on the old subject of reading poetry aloud—reaches unusual depths, to emerge with very practical guides to poetic study. G. WILLS

THE HORN AND THE SWORD, by Jack Randolph Conrad (Dutton, $5.00). A thoughtful history of the bull as a trans-cultural symbol of potency, power, and authority. From the Stone Age to the annual "running of the bulls" in Pamplona, Mr. Conrad persuasively shows how men have tested their physical courage and moral self-respect by pitting themselves against the bull. The *corrida* itself he sees as a precise and elegant ritual of the individual man challenging authority; and he reminds us parenthetically that in nations like our own, where bull-fighting is predominantly abhorred, the actual business of challenging authority is likewise regarded as—unpleasant. R. PHELPS

UNHEARD WITNESS, by Ernst Hanfstaengl (Lippincott, $4.95). For the most part, we know Hitler only as the Great—but ever more mad—Dictator. But he had, of course, to live some part of life before he gained power. Hanfstaengl was an early member of the Nazi Party. A sensible man of taste and culture, he knew Hitler *when*. As might be expected, therefore, his story makes extremely interesting reading. How objectively true the picture, either of himself or of Hitler, it is not possible to say. Still, this book is a must for anyone interested in knowing how a gang of beer-hall tin gods achieved Götterdämmerung. J. P. MCFADDEN

AN ECONOMIC THEORY OF DEMOCRACY, by Anthony Downs (Harper, $4.50). Like most attempts at "political science," this book camouflages a flimsy mélange of shaky assumptions and hidden ethical fiat in the fashionable trappings of pseudo-scientific "model building." Dr. Downs' attempt to integrate economics and politics only proves that the pretensions of "welfare economics" fail even more resoundingly in the political realm. The book is notable chiefly for its recognition that politicians, like other people, try to maximize their self-interest, *e.g.*, their votes, while economists and laymen have assumed that politicians are a breed apart in their selfless devotion to "the public welfare." Dr. Downs, while cleaving passionately to equal voting, shows nevertheless that it is rational for the voter to be apathetic, so small is the power of his vote in relation to the cost of getting political information. M. N. ROTHBARD

AN ETHIOPIAN ROMANCE, by Heliodorus, translated by Moses Hadas (Michigan, $4.95). Since the time of Darwin, literary history has been dominated by the strange notion that literary forms evolve as though they were biological species: thus the Greek romance was a "primitive" form of the modern novel, just as the Mesohippus was a primitive form of the modern horse. The perspicacious studies of Professor B. E. Perry will soon sweep this critical fog from all the literary histories. He has shown that prose fiction appears whenever a suitable reading public is available; its style and content change with the preoccupations of that public. Readers of this able translation of the *Aethiopica* will frequently be reminded of Richardson, Dickens and Hervey Allen, occasionally of Mrs. Radcliffe and Upton Sinclair. This means that elements that seem incompatible to us were fused in the minds of Heliodorus' readers—not that his work is a more or a less "advanced" form of art. R. P. OLIVER

VATICAN JOURNAL, by Anne O'Hare McCormick (Farrar, $4.00). This is a fascinating book on the Vatican, its inner workings and, most particularly, its relationship with the totalitarian regimes in Italy, Germany and Russia. In a day when political columnists are so busy prognosticating, they seldom take time to think; but Mrs. McCormick's witty, thoughtful, mannered and intelligent comments on a vital era in Vatican history, the years between 1921 and 1954, stand up amazingly well both as polished commentary and in political perspective. P. L. BUCKLEY

To the Editor

A Treat and a Treatment

I subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW because my doctor prescribed large doses of Kuehnelt-Leddihn. In addition to his column I want, each month, a big, juicy feature by Erik the Scholar, Linguist and Man of the World.

New York City R. V. CASSIDY

Is German Clear or "Misty"?

Perusing your November 30 issue I found two contradictory statements. In his review "Roots of German Conservatism," Stephen J. Tonsor stresses "the misty uncertainties of the German language." But Godfrey Schmidt in his note "Noteworthy Decision" explains that the German Constitutional Court's decision is "a triumph of *simple*, incisive analysis, thorough understanding, logical order and principled argument." Where are the vaunted "misty uncertainties of the German language"? We had better discard all these mythological notions. They smack of war psychoses and bias. . . . Shouldn't it rather be an advantage of German that it can be clear, economical and straightforward when necessary, preserving at the same time traits of "mystical mistiness" when language attempts to deal with the intangible, mysterious and even divine?

As for other authors discussed in Mr. Tonsor's review, I would also hesitate to designate Spengler or Moeller van den Bruck as real conservatives. . . But it would be unjust to label Moeller van den Bruck, the author of books on Italian beauty, French literature, and Christian thought in Dostoevski as an out-and-out nihilist. In fact, out of despair with a valueless world he committed suicide.

Ernst Junger certainly went through a phase of "heroic nihilism" which, however, can easily be explained in terms of the peculiar German situation after 1919. Chastened by two wars, Hitlerism and international nihilism, he has emerged from all this a sadder and wiser man, and certainly one of the "Europeans" in contemporary German literature. . . . It is France where he, outside Germany, enjoys an enormous reputation. . . .

PROF. HEINRICH STAMMLER

Evanston, Ill.

Hede Massing vs. Martha Dodd

Hede Massing's open letter to Martha Dodd (December 7) is clever, amusing, and sound in its argument; but it leaves a bad taste in the mouth and some unpleasant thoughts in the mind.

Mrs. Massing writes: "You could have profited a lot from my book, *This Deception.*" And later: "You could have stayed in the Free World and enjoyed life. . . ." And still later, as the clincher: "Too bad nobody told you in time what a straight dealer Robert Morris of the Internal Security Subcommittee really is, not to mention Edgar Hoover's crowd. You could have had yourself a whale of a time, with headlines, exclusive interviews and all."

What is Mrs. Massing really saying? Simply this: "It is possible to eat your cake as a Communist, and still have it as an ex-Communist. I know, because I have enjoyed the experience. You, Martha Dodd, could have had 'a whale of a time.' I know, because I have had it."

Los Angeles, Cal. BEN RAY REDMAN

[Mrs. Massing, who is in Europe, is not available for comment; but, knowing Mrs. Massing, we presume to answer Mr. Redman in her behalf. The passage to which Mr. Redman objects is, concededly, ambiguous. On the assumption that Martha Dodd cannot be appealed to, in her present mood, by justice or reason or truth, Mrs. Massing expressly appealed to her in material terms. She addressed Miss Dodd as a well-known publicity-seeker and hedonist. Those who know Mrs. Massing personally, or have read her book, know that she herself sets little store by material things; and know, moreover, that her sacrifices to redress the wrongs she did as a Communist have cost her more by far than the incidental, and exiguous, perquisites of defection. THE EDITOR]

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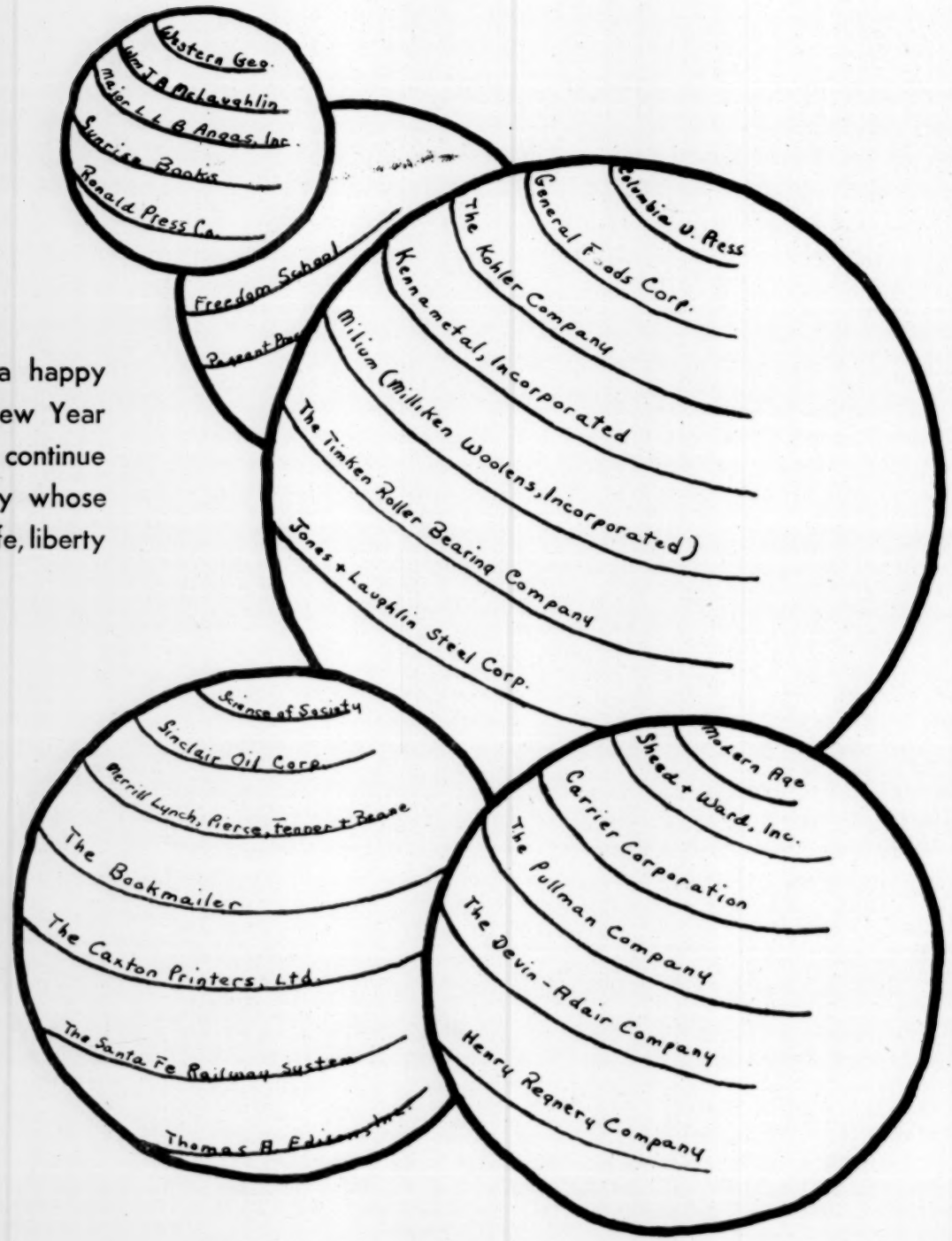
May they enjoy a happy and prosperous New Year and may we all continue to live in a society whose citizens can enjoy life, liberty and property.